

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, *Esq.*

VOL. I.

THE
PORTICAL WORKS

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VOL. I

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

————— *Sæpe ego longos*
Cantando puerum memini me condere soles.

VINO.

IMITATION.

Right well I call to mind
When (yet a Boy) whole suns and lengthen'd days
I oft employ'd in chaunting sylvan lays.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

A GREAT part of the poetical works of Mr. SHENSTONE, particularly his Elegies and Pastorals, are (as he himself expresses it) "The exact transcripts of the situation of his own mind;" and abound in frequent allusions to his own place, the beautiful scene of his retirement from the world. Exclusively therefore of our natural curiosity to be acquainted with the history of an author whose works we peruse with pleasure, some short account of Mr. SHENSTONE's personal character, and situation in life, may not only be agreeable, but absolutely necessary, to the reader; as it is impossible he should enter into the true

spirit of his writings, if he is intirely ignorant of those circumstances of his life, which sometimes so greatly influenced his reflections.

I could wish however that this task had been allotted to some person capable of performing it in that masterly manner which the subject so well deserves. To confess the truth, it was chiefly to prevent his remains from falling into the hands of any one still less qualified to do him justice, that I have unwillingly ventured to undertake the publication of them myself.

Mr. SHENSTONE was the eldest son of a plain uneducated gentleman in Shropshire, who farmed his own estate. The father, sensible of his son's extraordinary capacity, resolved to give him a learned education, and sent him a commoner to Pembroke College in Oxford, designing him for the church : but though he had the most awful notions of the wisdom, power,

and goodness of God, he never could be persuaded to enter into orders. In his private opinions he adhered to no particular sect, and hated all religious disputes. But whatever were his own sentiments, he always shewed great tenderness to those who differed from him. Tenderness, indeed, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic; his friends, his domestics, his poor neighbours, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of mind. Indeed, this virtue in him was often carried to such excess, that it sometimes bordered upon weakness; yet if he was convinced that any of those ranked amongst the number of his friends, had treated him ungenerously, he was not easily reconciled. He used a maxim, however, on such occasions, which is worthy of being observed and imitated; "I never, (said he) will be a revengeful enemy; but I cannot, it is not in my nature, to be half a friend." He was not in his temper quite unsuspicious; but if suspicion was once awakened in him, it was not laid asleep again without difficulty.

He was no œconomist ; the generosity of his temper prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money : he exceeded therefore the bounds of his paternal fortune, which before he died was considerably encumbered. But when one recollects the perfect paradise he had raised around him, the hospitality with which he lived, his great indulgence to his servants, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate not more than three hundred pounds a year, one should rather be led to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of œconomy. He left however more than sufficient to pay all his debts ; and by his will appropriated his whole estate for that purpose.

It was perhaps from some considerations on the narrowness of his fortune, that he forbore to marry ; for he was no enemy to wedlock, had a high opinion of many among the fair sex, was fond of their society, and no stranger to the tenderest impressions. One,

which he received in his youth, was with difficulty surmounted. The lady was the subject of that sweet pastoral, in four parts, which has been so universally admired; and which, one would have thought, must have subdued the loftiest heart, and softened the most obdurate.

His person, as to height, was above the middle stature, but largely and rather inelegantly formed: his face seemed plain till you conversed with him, and then it grew very pleasing. In his dress he was negligent, even to a fault; though, when young, at the university, he was accounted a *BEAU*. He wore his own hair, which was quite grey very early, in a particular manner: not from any affectation of singularity, but from a maxim he had laid down, that without too lavish a regard to fashion, every one should dress in a manner most suitable to his own person and figure. In short, his faults were only little blemishes, thrown in by nature, as it were, on purpose to prevent

him from rising too much above that level of imperfection allotted to humanity.

His character as a writer will be distinguished by simplicity with elegance, and genius with correctness. He had a sublimity equal to the highest attempts; yet from the indolence of his temper, he chose rather to amuse himself in culling flowers at the foot of the mount, than to take the trouble of climbing the more arduous steeps of Parnassus. But whenever he was disposed to rise, his steps, though natural, were noble, and always well supported. In the tenderness of elegiac poetry he hath not been excelled; in the simplicity of pastoral, one may venture to say he had very few equals. Of great sensibility himself, he never failed to engage the hearts of his readers: and amidst the nicest attention to the harmony of his numbers, he always took care to express with propriety the sentiments of an elegant mind. In all his writings, his greatest difficulty was to please himself. I remember

a passage in one of his letters, where, speaking of his love songs, he says—"Some were written on occasions a good deal imaginary, others not so; and the reason there are so many is, that I wanted to write **ONE** good song, and could never please myself." It was this diffidence which occasioned him to throw aside many of his pieces before he had bestowed upon them his last touches. I have suppressed several on this account; and if among those which I have selected, there should be discovered some little want of his finishing polish, I hope it will be attributed to this cause, and of course be excused: yet I flatter myself there will always appear something well worthy of having been preserved. And though I was afraid of inserting what might injure my friend, yet as the sketches of a great master are always valuable, I was unwilling the public should lose any thing material of so accomplished a writer. In this dilemma it will easily be conceived that the task I had to perform would become somewhat difficult. How I have ac-

quitted myself, the public must judge. Nothing however, except what he had already published, has been admitted without the advice of his most judicious friends; nothing altered, without their particular concurrence. It is impossible to please every one; but it is hoped that no reader will be so unreasonable, as to imagine that the author wrote solely for his amusement: his talents were various; and though it may perhaps be allowed that his excellence chiefly appeared in subjects of tenderness and simplicity, yet he frequently condescended to trifle with those of humour and drollery: these, indeed, he himself in some measure degraded by the title which he gave them of *LEVITIES*; but had they been intirely rejected, the public would have been deprived of some *JEUX D'ESPRITS*, excellent in their kind, and Mr. SHENSTONE's character, as a writer, would have been but imperfectly exhibited.

But the talents of Mr. SHENSTONE were not con-

finely to poetry ; his character, as a man of clear judgment, and deep penetration, will best appear from his prose works. It is there we must search for the acuteness of his understanding, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. It is to be lamented, indeed, that some things here are unfinished, and can be regarded only as fragments : many are left as single thoughts, but which, like the sparks of diamonds, shew the richness of the mine to which they belong ; or like the foot of an HERCULES, discover the uncommon strength, and extraordinary dimensions of that hero. I have no apprehension of incurring blame from any one, for preserving these valuable remains : they will discover to every reader the author's sentiments on several important subjects. And there can be very few, to whom they will not impart many thoughts which they would never perhaps have been able to draw from the source of their own reflections.

But I believe little need be said to recommend the writings of this gentleman to public attention. His character is already sufficiently established. And if he be not injured by the inability of his editor, there is no doubt but he will ever maintain an eminent station among the best of our English writers.

R. DODSLEY.

A
PREFATORY ESSAY

ON

ELEGY.

IT is observable, that discourses prefixed to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage. The fabric is very commonly raised in the first place, and the measures, by which we are to judge of its merit, are afterwards adjusted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of elegiac poetry ; and far be it from the author of the following trifles, to dig-

nify his own opinions with that denomination. He would only intimate the great variety of subjects, and the different * styles in which the writers of elegy have hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of their example.

If we consider the etymology of † the word, the epithet which ‡ HORACE gives it, or the confession which § OVID makes concerning it, I think we may conclude thus much however; that elegy, in its true and genuine acceptation, includes a tender and querulous idea: that it looks upon this as its peculiar characteristic, and so long as this is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects; which by its manner of

* This essay was written above twenty years ago.

† ε λεγειν, ε-particulam dolendi.

‡ Miserabiles elegos.

HOR.

§ Heu nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.

OVID. de Morte Tibulli.

treating them, it renders its own. It throws its melancholy stole over pretty different objects; which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable, that elegies were written at first upon the death of intimate friends and near relations; celebrated beauties, or favorite mistresses; beneficent governors and illustrious men: one may add perhaps, of all those, who are placed by VIRGIL in the laurel-grove of his Elysium, (Vide HURD's Dissertation on HORACE's Epistle)

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to vary their complaints; and the next tender species of sorrow that presented itself, was the grief of absent or neglected

lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them; but with this they were not contented. They had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to over-run the whole territory. They sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings *, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it. They gave the name of elegy to their pleasantries as well as lamentations; until at last, through their abundant fondness for the myrtle, they forgot that the cypress was their peculiar garland.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of elegy; and it should seem, that any kind of subjects, treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve the name, than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of love.

* Dicite Io Pæan, & Io bis dicite Pæan.

OVID.

But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may seem perhaps introduced to favor the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the use and end of elegy. The most important end of all poetry is to encourage virtue. Epic and tragedy chiefly recommend the public virtues; elegy is of a species which illustrates and endears the private. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of elegy to enforce. This, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy which we could not find in mirth; and has led us with success to the dusty urn, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl: as pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of elegy to shew the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage; and that, in a way distinct from pastoral, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to surpass his tenant both in dignity and understanding.

It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of humility, disinterestedness, simplicity, and innocence: but then there is a degree of elegance and refinement, no way inconsistent with these rural virtues; and that raises elegy above that *merum rus*, that unpolished rusticity, which has given our pastoral writers their highest reputation.

Wealth and splendor will never want their proper weight: the danger is, lest they should too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independence, that endears the honest delights of love and friendship, that celebrates the glory of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it inculcates, such a kind of poetry may please; and if it please, should seem to be of service.

As to the style of elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It should imitate the voice and language of grief, or if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A versification therefore is desirable, which, by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and however exceptionable upon other occasions, its inconveniences appear to lose their weight in shorter elegies; and its advantages seem to acquire an additional importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of elegies * not long since published; the product of a gentleman of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that elegy can shed.

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* N. B. This preface was written above twenty years ago.

It is not impossible that some may think this metre too lax and prosaic: others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages. And, in favor of these last, might be produced the example of MILTON in his LYCIDAS, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his versification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove too much; since the writers I have in view seem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall choose; though it must be owned also, that the choice they make of any, is at the same time the strongest presumption in its favor.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to compromise the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhymes, but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the sense should in some measure also ter-

minate) is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained. And this is sometimes observable in the writings of a poet lately deceased; though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together with so much ease into a couplet as Mr. POPE. But as an air of constraint too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of elegy.

The previous rhyme in MILTON'S LYCIDAS is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner: and this seems to be the greatest objection to that kind of versification. But then the peculiar ease and variety it admits of, are no doubt sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an elegy of length.

The chief exception to which stanza of all kinds is

liable, is, that it breaks the sense too regularly, when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr. WALLER's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it is, I flatter myself, that the advantages I have before mentioned resulting from alternate rhyme (with which stanza is, I think, connected) may, at least in shorter elegies, be allowed to out-weigh its imperfections.

I shall say but little of the different kinds of elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate is softened to an excess. Love-elegy therefore is more negligent of order and design, and, being addressed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity. Elegies, that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general,

inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and order.

The author of the following elegies entered on his subjects occasionally, as particular incidents in life suggested, or dispositions of mind recommended them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the spot; and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates. If he speaks of his humble shed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene; who having (whether through choice or necessity, is not material) retired betimes to country solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are his own, and the embellishment of his farm his sole amusement. As the sentiments therefore were inspired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance; diffusing

at least some part of that amusement, which he freely acknowledges he received from the composition of them.

There will appear perhaps a real inconsistency in the moral tenor of the several elegies; and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight; but will allow, that men's opinions as well as tempers vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy, and consequently that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an intire ignorance, or to the least disesteem of the ancient learning. He has kept the an-

cient plan and method in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced, though in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the best model he could find: with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of those should be so candid, as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness of sentiment he has endeavoured to impress, he begs the metre also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider this as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if this measure should be allowed to suit the nature of elegy.

If it should happen to be considered as an objection

with others, that there is too much of a moral cast diffused through the whole ; it is replied, that he endeavoured to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious ; or to risque excluding the fashionable reader : at the same time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry without morality is but the blossom of a fruit-tree. Poetry is indeed like that species of plants, which may bear at once both fruits and blossoms, and the tree is by no means in perfection without the former, however it may be embellished by the flowers which surround it.

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ELEGIES.

*Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos
Assidue veniebat ; ibi hæc incondita, solus,
Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani !* VIRG.

IMITATION.

The spreading beech alone he would explore
With frequent step ; beneath its shady top,
(Ah ! profitless employ !) to hills and groves
These indigested lays he wont repeat.

ELEGY I.

HE ARRIVES AT HIS RETIREMENT IN THE COUNTRY,
AND TAKES OCCASION TO EXPATiate
IN PRAISE OF SIMPLICITY.

TO A FRIEND.

FOR rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade AUGUSTA's venal sons farewell;
Now, 'mid the trees, I see my smoke arise;
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that Genius, which secures my rest,
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the fordid breast;
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unsincere!

Far from these paths, ye faithless friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, abhor my hostile name!
Hence! the faint verse that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd strains, the price of fame!

O lov'd simplicity! be thine the prize!
Assiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm who, guiltless of disguise,
Contemns the pow'r, the dull resource to feign!

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears
For lucre's venal meed, invite my scorn!
Still may the bard dissembling doubts and fears,
For praise, for flatt'ry fighting, sigh forlorn!

Soft as the line of love-sick HAMMOND flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme;
Ah! never could AONIA's hill disclose
So fair a fountain, or so lov'd a stream.

Ye loveless bards! intent with artful pains
To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on ——— plains
Survey CAMILLA's charms, and grow sincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful soul
Love's gentle tyrant seats his awful throne,
Write from thy bosom—let not art controul
The ready pen, that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing when youth is long expir'd, to trace
The forms our pencil, or our pen design'd!
“Such was our youthful air and shape and face!
“Such the soft image of our youthful mind!”

Soft whilst we sleep beneath the rural bow'rs,
The loves and graces steal unseen away;
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,
We wake to win'try scenes of chill decay!

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
 Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms;
 Paint thy proud scorn of ev'ry vulgar care,
 When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with CENONE thou hast worn the day,
 Near fount or stream, in meditation, rove;
 If in the grove CENONE lov'd to stray,
 The faithful muse shall meet thee in the grove.

ELEGY II.

ON POSTHUMOUS REPUTATION.

TO A FRIEND.

O GRIEF of griefs! that envy's frantic ire
 Should rob the living virtue of its praise;
 O foolish muses! that with zeal aspire
 To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays!

When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
 To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd,
 Say, will she hear the distant voice of fame?
 Or hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound?

Perhaps ev'n genius pours a slighted lay;
 Perhaps ev'n friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
 Ev'n LYTTELTON but vainly trims the bay,
 And fondly graces HAMMOND's incurnful bier.

Tho' weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
 Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs;
 Tho' rear his tomb, Sabæan odours burn,
 The loit'ring fragrance will it reach the skies?

No, should his DELIA votive wreaths prepare,
 DELIA might place the votive wreaths in vain:
 Yet the dear hope of DELIA's future care
 Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispel'd his pain.

Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise
Can ev'ry sense of present joys excel :
For this, great HADRIAN chose laborious days ;
Thro' this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raise,
To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you, to spread the sacred base,
To plan a work, thro' latest ages fair!

Is it small transport, as with curious eye
You trace the story of each attic sage,
To think your blooming praise shall time defy?
Shall waft like odours thro' the pleasing page?

To mark the day when through the bulky tome,
Around your name the varying style refines?
And readers call their lost attention home,
Led by that index where true genius shines?

Ah let not BRITONS doubt their social aim,
Whose ardent bosoms catch this ancient fire !
Cold interest melts before the vivid flame,
And patriot ardours, but with life, expire !

ELEGY III.

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF A CERTAIN
LEARNED ACQUAINTANCE.

IF proud PYGMALION quit his cumbrous frame,
Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies ;
Whilst heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
Lo ! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler ALCON leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume distinguish ALCON's bier ;
The faithful muse with votive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the fly penurious art ;
That odious art which fortune's favourites know ;
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound ;
He little knew that mortals could ensnare ;
Virtue he knew ; the noblest joy he found,
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair !

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep ;
And unforeseen disaster thin'd his fold ;
Yet, at another's loss, the swain would weep ;
And, for his friend, his very crook were fold.

Ye sons of wealth ! protect the muse's train ;
From winds protect them, and with food supply ;
Ah ! helpless they, to ward the threaten'd pain,
The meagre famine, and the wintry sky !

He lov'd a nymph : amidst his slender store,
 He dar'd to love ; and CYNTHIA was his theme ;
 He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
 They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.

His nymph was fair ! the sweetest bud that blows,
 Revives less lovely from the recent show'r ;
 So PHILOMEL enamour'd eyes the rose ;
 Sweet bird ! enamour'd of the sweetest flow'r !

He lov'd the muse ; she taught him to complain ;
 He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend ;
 He lov'd the muse, altho' she taught in vain ;
 He lov'd the muse, for she was virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors ;
 She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain ;
 She tempts patricians from the fatal doors
 Of vice's brothel, forth to virtue's fane.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain;
Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint ! I saw him sink to rest !
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng ;
As tho' the virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As tho' the muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain ;
Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply :
The generous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
But pow'r and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry !

Such ALCON fell ; in meagre want forlorn !
Where were ye then, ye powerful patrons, where ?
Wou'd ye the purple shou'd your limbs adorn,
Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

ELEGY IV:

OPHELIA'S URN.

TO MR. G——.

THRO' the dim veil of ev'ning's dusky shade,
Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic fear survey'd!
What shrouded spectres superstition seen!

But you secure shall pour your sad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;
What none but fear's officious hand can paint,
What none, but superstition's eye, survey.

The glim'ring twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return:
Constant, as crystal dew's impearl the lawn,
Shall STREPHON'S tear bedew OPHELIA'S urn!

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
Where sleep the reliques of that virtuous maid;
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,
Where soft OPHELIA's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise;
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

Then fame, her clarion pendant at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of OPHELIA's shade;
"Why has such worth, without distinction, dy'd,
"Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade?"

Then young simplicity, averse to feign,
Shall unmolested breathe her softest sigh:
And candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then elegance with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull fresh flow'rets for OPHELIA's tomb :
And beauty chide the fates' severe command,
That shew'd the frailty of so fair a bloom !

And fancy then with wild ungovern'd woe,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain :
For mournful fable all her hues forego,
And ask sweet solace of the muse in vain !

Ah, gentle forms, expect no fond relief ;
Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore ;
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your best, your brightest fav'rite is no more.

ELEGY V.

HE COMPARES THE TURBULENCE OF LOVE WITH
THE TRANQUILLITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

TO MELISSA, HIS FRIEND.

FROM love, from angry love's inclement reign
I pass awhile to friendship's equal skies ;
Thou, gen'rous maid, reliev'st my partial pain,
And chear'st the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, MELISSA, thou deserv'st my care :
How can my will and reason disagree ?
How can my passion live beneath despair ?
How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee ?

Ah dear MELISSA ! pleas'd with thee to rove,
My soul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time ;
Ill can I bear the various clime of love !
Love is a pleasing, but a various clime !

So smiles immortal MARO's fav'rite shore,
PARTHENOPE, with ev'ry verdure crown'd!
When strait VESUVIO's horrid cauldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh blissful regions! oh unrival'd plains!
When MARO to these fragrant haunts retir'd!
O fatal realms! and oh accurst domains!
When PLINY, 'mid sulphureous clouds, expir'd!

So smiles the surface of the treacherous main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play;
When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave;
Ev'n hope subside amid the billows tost;
Hope, still emergent, still contemns the wave,
And not a feature's wonted smile is lost.

ELEGY VI.

TO A LADY, ON THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

COME then, DIONE, let us range the grove,
 The science of the feather'd choirs explore :
 Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,
 And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides—'tis no Italian song,
 Nor senseless ditty cheers the vernal tree :
 Ah! who, that hears DIONE's tuneful tongue,
 Shall doubt that music may with sense agree ?

And come, my muse ! that lov'st the silvan shade ;
 Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel :
 Translate the song ; convince my doubting maid,
 No solemn dervise can explain so well,—

Penfive beneath the twilight shades I fate,
 The slave of hopeless vows and cold disdain!
 When PHILOMEL address'd his mournful mate,
 And thus I constru'd the mellifluent strain.

“ Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong,
 At ev'ry note a lover sheds his tear ;
 Sing on, my bird—'tis DAMON hears thy song ;
 Nor doubt to gain applause when lovers hear.

He the sad source of our complaining knows ;
 A foe to TEREUS and to lawless love !
 He mourns the story of our ancient woes ;
 Ah could our music his complaint remove !

Yon' plains are govern'd by a peerless maid ;
 And see pale CYNTHIA mounts the vaulted sky,
 A train of lovers court the chequer'd shade ;
 Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.

Ere while no shepherd to these woods retir'd;
 No lover blest the glow-worms pallid ray:
 But ill-star'd birds, that list'ning not admir'd,
 Or list'ning envy'd our superior lay.

Cheer'd by the sun, the vassals of his pow'r,
 Let such by day unite their jarring strains!
 But let us choose the calm, the silent hour,
 Nor want fit audience while DIONE reigns."

ELEGY VII.

HE DESCRIBES HIS VISION TO AN ACQUAINTANCE.

Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c. VIRG.

IMITATION.

All animals beside, o'er all the earth, &c.

ON distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
 Pensive I saw the circling shade descend;
 Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
 While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright ;
No friendly planet lent its glim'ring ray ;
Ev'n the lone cot refus'd is wonted light,
Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had giv'n a pleasing sound ;
The village cur 'twere transport then to hear ;
In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by ORWELL's winding banks I stray'd,
Where tow'ring WOLSEY breath'd his native air ;
A sudden lustre chas'd the flitting shade,
The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.

Instant a grateful form appear'd confest ;
White were his locks with awful scarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

" Stranger, he said, amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, lonesome, whither wou'dst thou stray?
Does wealth or pow'r thy weary step constrain?
Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

For know I trod the trophy'd paths of pow'r;
Felt every joy that fair ambition brings;
And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r
To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the tow'ring ardour share;
Nor meanly rose, to bless myself alone :
I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
I saw proud empires my decision wait;
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My smile was transport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me! said I, nor pow'r I seek, nor gain:
Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure;
A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And, from his friend's condolence, hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours, nor my fields extend;
Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I scorn the wint'ry wind;
The spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree;
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how my lonely cot resounds with glee!

Yet, tho' averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
I wish to bless, I languish to bestow;
And tho' no friend to fame's obstreperous blast,
Still, to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign address ;
Too mean too think that honors are my due ;
Yet shou'd some patron yield my stores to blefs,
I sure shou'd deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou ! that, like a meteor's fire,
Shot'ft blazing forth ; disdaining dull degrees ;
Shou'd I to wealth, to fame, to pow'r aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these ?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray ?
Does not felonious envy bar the road ?
Or falsehood's treach'rous foot beset the way ?

Say, shou'd I pass thro' favor's crowded gate,
Must not fair truth inglorious wait behind ?
Whilst I approach the glitt'ring scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find ?

Nurs'd in the shades by freedom's lenient care,

Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own?

Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare

To spurn an altar and adore a throne?

And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,

And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,

Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,

Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?

Oh! if these ills the price of pow'r advance,

Check not my speed where social joys invite!

The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,

And sighing vanish'd in the shades of night.

ELEGY VIII.

HE DESCRIBES HIS EARLY LOVE OF POETRY, AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

TO MR. G ———.* 1745.

AH me! what envious magic thins my fold?
What mutter'd spell retards their late increase?
Such less'ning fleeces must the swain behold,
That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.

I saw my friends in ev'ning circles meet;
I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet:
Ah fool! to credit what I heard them say!

Ill-fated bard! that seeks his skill to show,
Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!
Not the poor veteran, that permits his foe
To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

* N. B. Written after the death of Mr. POPE.

Nor cou'd my G—— mistake the critic's laws,

'Till pious friendship mark'd the pleasing way :

Welcome such error ! ever blest the cause !

Ev'n tho' it led me boundless leagues astray !

Couldst thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame

On list'ning CHERWELL's osier banks reclin'd ?

While foe to fortune, unseduc'd by fame,

I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind.

Youth's gentle kindred, health and love were met ;

What though in ALMA's guardian arms I play'd ?

How shall the muse those vacant hours forget ?

Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid ?

Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast,

Where love and fancy fix their op'ning reign ;

How nature shines in livelier colours drest,

To bless their union, and to grace their train.

So first when PHOEBUS met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd RHODES beheld their passion crown'd,
Unusual flow'rs enrich'd the painted green;
And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now sadly lorn, from TWITNAM's widow'd bow'r,
The drooping muses take their casual way;
And where they stop, a flood of tears they pour;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose?
The cowslip's golden cup no more I see:
Dark and discolour'd ev'ry flow'r that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee!—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah might we now the pious rage controul!
Hush'd be my grief ere ev'ry smile be fled,
Ere the deep swelling sigh subvert the soul!

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,
 Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise;
 But soon too deep it works its baneful way,
 And, low on earth, the prostrate* ruin lies.

ELEGY IX.

HE DESCRIBES HIS DISINTERESTEDNESS TO A
 FRIEND.

I NE'ER must tinge my lip with Celtic wines;

The pomp of India must I ne'er display;

Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,

Nor, with Italian sounds, deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my crystal bev'rage flows;

My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring;

Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,

And, from my grove, I hear the throstle sing.

* Alludes to what is reported of the bay tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they destroy the foundation.

My fellow swains! avert your dazzled eyes;
In vain allur'd by glittering spoils they rove;
The fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,
Yet gave them ample recompence in love.

They gave you vigour from your parent's veins;
They gave you toils; but toils your sinews brace;
They gave you nymphs, that own their amorous pains,
And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
See! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind!
To sing soft carols to your lovely dames,
See vocal grots, and echoing vales assign'd!

Would'st thou, my STREPHON, love's delighted slave!
Tho' sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,
Forego the ribbon thy MATILDA gave,
And giving, bade thee in remembrance wear?

Ill fare my peace, but ev'ry idle toy,
If to my mind my DELIA'S form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
When love deplores the tyrant pow'r of gain!
Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Oft from the stream, flow-wandering down the glade,
Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound;
"Some miser weds, I cry, the captive maid,
"And some fond lover sickens at the sound."

Not SOMERVILE, the muse's friend of old,
Tho' now exalted to yon ambient sky,
So shun'd a soul distain'd with earth and gold,
So lov'd the pure, the generous breast, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendships, ev'n his self, resigns;
Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,
And to a ducate's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taste, with science blest,
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure;
Restore thy dear idea to my breast,
The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the fordid ore,
The charms of independence let us sing;
Blest with thy friendship can I wish for more?
I'll spurn the boasted wealth of * LYDIA's king.

* Crcesus.

ELEGY X.

TO FORTUNE, SUGGESTING HIS MOTIVES FOR
REFINING AT HER DISPENSATIONS.

ASK not the cause, why this rebellious tongue
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway!
Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
Why stands the flatter'd name, which all obey?

'Tis not, that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
That, on this breast, no mimic star is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies,

'Tis not, that on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze:
And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade,
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not, that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
When many an embrio dome is loft in air ;
While guardian prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, " Forbear.

" Forbear, vain youth ! be cautious, weigh thy gold ;
" Nor let yon rising column more aspire ;
" Ah ! better dwell in ruins, than behold
" Thy fortunes mould'ring, and thy domes entire.

" HONORIO built, but dar'd my laws defy ;
" He planted, scornful of my sage commands ;
" The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye ;
" The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the small stream that pours its murmuring tide
O'er some rough rock that wou'd its wealth display,
Displays it aught but penury and pride ?
Ah ! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

How wou'd some flood, with ampler treasures blest,
 Disdainful view the scantling drops distil!
 How must *VELINO shake his reedy crest!
 How ev'ry cygnet mock the boastive rill!

Fortune, I yield! and see, I give the sign;
 At noon the poor mechanic wanders home;
 Collects the square, the level, and the line,
 And, with retorted eye, forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains;
 Can unrepining leave the rising wall:
 Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
 And my warm hopes, in full pursuit, recall.

Descend, ye storms! destroy my rising pile;
 Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway;
 Contented I, altho' the gazer smile
 To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

* A river in ITALY, that falls an hundred yards perpendicular.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
 As in the sun regales his wanton herd;
 Guiltless of envy, why should I repine,
 That his rude voice, his grating reed's prefer'd?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,
 Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;
 But ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
 Gods! must my DELIA, must my DELIA bear?

Must DELIA's softness, elegance, and ease
 Submit to MARIAN's dress? to MARIAN's gold?
 Must MARIAN's robe from distant INDIA please?
 The simple fleece my DELIA's limbs enfold!

"Yet sure on DELIA seems the russet fair;
 "Ye glitt'ring daughters of disguise, adieu!"
 So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
 But will the rural thane decide so true?

Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
 'Tis thy false glare, O fortune! thin they see!
 'Tis for my DELIA's sake I dread thy frowns,
 And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

ELEGY XI.

HE COMPLAINS HOW SOON THE PLEASING NOVEL-
 TY OF LIFE IS OVER.

TO MR. J——.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will not last!
 This fairy scene, that cheats our youthful eyes!
 The charm dissolves; th' ærial music's past;
 The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
 Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
 Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
 And we, delightless, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain !

What has the world to bribe our steps astray ?

Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,

The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.

Scarce has the sun sev'n annual courses roll'd,

Scarce shewn the whole that fortune can supply ;

Since, not the miser so carefs'd his gold,

As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part ;

To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace !

'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh my foolish heart !

Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place.

And you, ye works of art ! allur'd mine eye,

The breathing picture, and the living stone :

“ Tho' gold, tho' splendour, heav'n and fate deny,

“ Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own !”

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil,
 The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
 I trim'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
 But soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the pray'r,
 To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
 To see my trees express their planter's care,
 And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er!
 A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul:
 A fond aspiring candidate no more,
 I scorn the palm before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting stage, profusely blest!
 Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
 Of health neglectful, yet by health carest;
 Careless of favor, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair;
More free, more vivid than the linnet's wing;
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
Not science shall extort that dear delight,
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu, soft raptures! transports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu!
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
Again to trace the wint'ry tracts of snow!
Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!

O life! how soon of ev'ry bliss forlorn!

We start false joys, and urge the devious race:

A tender prey; that cheers our youthful morn,

Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

ELEGY XII.

HIS RECANTATION.

NO more the muse obtrudes her thin disguise!

No more with awkward fallacy complains,

How ev'ry fervor from my bosom flies,

And reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,

No more she paints the breast from passion free;

I feel, I feel one loitering wish survive—

Ah need I, FLORIO, name that wish to thee?

The star of VENUS ushers in the day,

The first, the loveliest of the train that shine!

The star of VENUS lends her brightest ray,

When other stars their friendly beams resign.

Still in my breast one soft desire remains,

Pure as that star, from guilt, from int'rest free;

Has gentle DELIA trip'd across the plains,

And need I, FLORIO, name that wish to thee?

While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,

I tune with careless hand my languid lays;

Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,

And fires my strain with hopes of brighter days.

I slept not long beneath yon rural bow'rs;

And lo! my crook with flow'rs adorn'd I see:

Has gentle DELIA bound my crook with flow'rs,

And need I, FLORIO, name my hopes to thee?

ELEGY XIII.

TO A FRIEND, ON SOME SLIGHT OCCASION
ESTRANGED FROM HIM.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day,
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide!

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy!

Say, were it ours, by fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Would'st thou reject thy DAMON's plighted hand?
Would'st thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend dis-
own?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime :

Shall kindred souls forego their social claim ?

Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,

Shall dark suspicion quench the gen'rous flame ?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mold,

See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance !

Myriads, in time's perennial list enroll'd,

Forbid by fate to change one transient glance !

But we have met—where ills of every form,

Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend :

Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm ?

And guide them to the bosom—of a friend !

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong :

Might our joint aids the paths of peace explore !

Why leave thy friend amid the boist'rous throng,

Ere death divide us, and we part no more ?

For oh! pale sickness warns thy friend away;

For me no more the vernal roses bloom!

I see stern Fate his ebon wand display;

And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,

Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier;

"Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,

"To let suspicion intermix a fear."

ELEGY XIV.

DECLINING AN INVITATION TO VISIT FOREIGN

COUNTRIES, HE TAKES OCCASION TO INTI-

MATE THE ADVANTAGES OF HIS OWN.

TO LORD TEMPLE.

WHILE others lost to friendship, lost to love,

Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,

Be mine, with British nymph or swain to rove,

And court the genius of my native land.

Deluded youth! that quits these verdant plains,
To catch the follies of an alien soil!
To win the vice his genuine foul disdains,
Return exultant, and import the spoil!

In vain he boasts of his detested prize;
No more it blooms to British climes convey'd,
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
See its fresh vigour, in a moment, fade!

Th' exotic folly knows its native clime;
An awkward stranger, if we waft it o'er;
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,
To spread soft poison on our happy shore?

I covet not the pride of foreign looms;
In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove;
Nor, for the worthless bird of brighter plumes,
Wou'd change the meanest warbler of my grove.

No distant clime shall servile airs impart,
 Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play;
 Trembling I view the GAUL's illusive art,
 That steals my lov'd rusticity away.

'Tis long since freedom fled th' Hesperian clime;
 Her citron groves, her flow'r-embroider'd shore;
 She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
 And soft CAMPANIA's olive charms no more.

Let partial suns mature the western mine,
 To shed its lustre o'er th' Iberian maid;
 Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil, are thine;
 Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.

Let * CEYLON's envy'd plant perfume the seas,
 'Till torn to season the Batavian bowl;
 Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,
 Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.

* The cinnamon.

Let the proud Soldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
 Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane;
 The muse no more by flow'ry LADON roves,
 She seeks her THOMSON, on the British plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd;
 Ah! hapless realms that war's oppression feel!
 In vain may AUSTRIA boast her Noric blade,
 If AUSTRIA bleed beneath her boasted steel.

Beneath her palm IDUME vents her moan;
 Raptur'd she once beheld its friendly shade!
 And hoary MEMPHIS boasts her tombs alone,
 The mournful types of mighty pow'r decay'd!

No crescent here displays its baneful horns!
 No turban'd host the voice of truth reproves;
 Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
 And poets, not inglorious, chaunt their loves.

Boast, favour'd MEDIA, boast thy flow'ry stores;
Thy thousand hues by chymic suns refin'd;
'Tis not the dress or mien my soul adores,
'Tis the rich beauties of BRITANNIA's mind.

While * GRENVILLE's breast cou'd virtue's stores afford,
What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight?
The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.

Thee, GRENVILLE, thee with calmest courage fraught,
Thee the lov'd image of thy native shore!
Thee by the Virtues arm'd, the Graces taught,
When shall we cease to boast, or to deplore?

Presumptuous war, which could thy life destroy,
What shall it now in recompence decree?

While friends that merit every earthly joy,
Feel every anguish; feel—the loss of thee!

VOL. I.

E

* Written about the time of captain GRENVILLE's death.

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
 No more the muse of partial praise arraign;
 BRITANNIA sees no foreign breast so fair,
 And if she glory, glories not in vain.

ELEGY XV.

IN MEMORY OF A * PRIVATE FAMILY IN WOR-
 CESTERSHIRE.

• FROM a lone tow'r with rev'rend ivy crown'd,
 The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh;
 Still, as the village caught the waving sound,
 A swelling tear distream'd from ev'ry eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each BRITON's breast of old,
 When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;
 For sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
 Our hope, they cry'd, our kind support, is dead!

* The Penns of HARBOROUGH; a place whose name in the SAXON language, alludes to an army. And there is a tradition that there was a battle fought, on the Downs adjoining, betwixt the BRITONS and the ROMANS.

'Twas good PALEMONT—near a shaded pool,

A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;

The flocking rooks, by instinct's native rule,

This peaceful scene, for their asylum, chose.

A few small spires, to Gothic fancy fair,

Amid the shades emerging struck the view;

'Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air;

'Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

One favor'd son engag'd his tenderest care;

One pious youth his whole affection crown'd:

In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,

Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

But while gay transport in his face appears,

A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky;

Blasts the fair crop—the fire is drown'd in tears,

And scarce surviving, sees his CYNTHIO die!

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend ;
Heart-chill'd with grief—" My thread, he cry'd, is
spun !

If Heav'n had meant I shou'd my life extend,
Heav'n had preserv'd my life's support, my son:

Snatch'd in thy prime ! alas the stroke were mild,
Had my frail form obey'd the fates' decree !
Blest were my lot, O CYNTHIO ! O my child !
Had Heav'n so pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee."

Five sleepless nights he stem'd this tide of woes ;
Five irksome suns he saw, thro' tears, forlorn !
On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose ;
From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those * downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd,
Fought our bold fathers ; rustic, unrefin'd !
Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd !
They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

* HARBOROUGH DOWNS.

'Twas there, in happier times, the virtuous race,
Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
War's deadly crimson had forsook the place,
And freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,
To swell with empty sounds a spotless name;
If fost'ring skies, the sun, the show'r were blest,
Their bounty spread; their field's extent the same.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,
They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend;
Bade luxury, to lavish courts aspire,
And avarice, to city-breasts descend.

None, to a virgin's mind, prefer'd her dow'r;
To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir:
The fire, in place of titles, wealth, or pow'r,
Assign'd him virtue; and his lot was fair.

They spoke of fortune, as some doubtful dame,
They sway'd the natives of a distant sphere;
From lucre's vagrant sons had learnt her fame,
But never wish'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give;
Those wholesome sweets that border virtue's way;
Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore;
From their own streams their choicer fare they drew,
To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,
The sole deceit their artless bosom knew!

Sincere themselves, ah too secure to find
The common bosom, like their own, sincere!
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of the adjacent fane;
Their suppliant busts implore the reader's pray'r:
Ah gentle souls! enjoy your blissful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure, to blissful realms the souls are flown,
That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove;
The friends of science! music all their own;
Music, the voice of virtue and of love!

The journeying peasant, thro' the secret shade,
Heard their soft lyres engage his list'ning ear;
And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd;
No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.

For these the sounds that chase unholy strife!
Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch release!
Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life:
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewel, pure spirits ! vain the praise we give,
 The praise you sought from lips angelic flows ;
 Farewel ! the virtues which deserve to live,
 Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.

Last of his race, PALEMON, now no more
 The modest merit of his line display'd ;
 Then pious HOUGH VIGORNIA'S mitre wore—
 Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.

ELEGY XVI.

HE SUGGESTS THE ADVANTAGES OF BIRTH TO A
 PERSON OF MERIT, AND THE FOLLY OF A
 SUPERCILIOUSNESS THAT IS BUILT
 UPON THAT SOLE FOUNDATION.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal splendor glows,
 When title shines with ambient virtues crown'd,
 Like some fair almond's flow'ry pomp it shews ;
 The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair ! to soften splendor's ray ;

Endure the swain, the youth of low degree ;

Let meekness join'd its temperate beam display :

'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the scandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy ;

He fights to brighten a neglected name ;

Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,

He mourns his lot ; he wishes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly ;

Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades ;

Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,

But gleam still lovely thro' the checquer'd shades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,

Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove ;

Should *****'s eyes illumine the desert plain,

Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.

Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind ;
Tho' you contemn, the gods respect his vow ;
Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
And vengeance, too severe ! the gods allow.

On SARUM's plain I met a wand'ring fair ;
The look of sorrow, lovely still she bore :
Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,
And, on her brow, a flow'ry wreath she wore.

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride
Of ev'ry plain ; she pillag'd ev'ry grove !
The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy shap'd her wild attire ;
From BETHLEM's walls the poor lymptic stray'd ;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
When as wild fancy taught her, thus she said :

“Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an hapless maid,
Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings!
Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

The world is frantic—fly the race profane—
Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move;
Come, friendly let us wander, and complain,
And tell me, shepherd! hast thou seen my love?

My love is young—but other loves are young;
And other loves are fair, and so is mine;
An air divine discloses whence he sprung;
He is my love, who boasts that air divine.

No vulgar DAMON robs me of my rest,
IANTHE listens to no vulgar vow;
A prince from gods descended, fires her breast;
A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

What, shall I stain the glories of my race?

More clear, more lovely bright than HESPER'S beam?

The porc'lain pure with vulgar dirt debase?

Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?

See thro' these veins the sapphire current shine!

'Twas JOVE'S own nectar gave th' etherial hue:

Can base plebeian forms contend with mine!

Display the lovely white, or match the blue?

The painter strove to trace its azure ray:

He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove;

He frown'd—I smiling view'd the faint essay;

Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from JOVE.

Pitying his toil, the wond'rous truth I told;

How am'rous JOVE trepann'd a mortal fair;

How thro' the race the generous current roll'd,

And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung
Our sacred race; thro' demigods, convey'd;
And he, ally'd to PHOEBUS, ever young,
My god-like boy, must wed their duteous maid.

Oft, when a mortal vow profanes my ear,
My fire's dread fury murmurs thro' the sky;
And should I yield—his instant rage appears,
He darts th' uplifted vengeance—and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll?
Have you not seen more horrid light'nings glare?
'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul:
'Twas then—I hardly scap'd the fatal snare.

'Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,
All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain;—
Yet such his beauty—wou'd my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

But oh ! I faint ! why wastes my vernal bloom,
In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove ?
My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
And shall I die—before I find my love ?

When last I slept, methought, my ravish'd eye
On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd ;
Tho' night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
The gems that bound his brow, dispell'd the shade.

O how this bosom kindled at the sight !
Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chase ;
'Till, on a sudden, these with-held their light—
All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the distant grove,
Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay :
See, see, he grasps the steel—forbear, my love—
" IANTHE comes ; thy princess hastes away."

Scornful she spoke, and heedless of reply
 The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain;
 The piteous victim of an angry sky!
 Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain!

ELEGY XVII.

HE INDULGES THE SUGGESTIONS OF SPEEN.

AN ELEGY TO THE WINDS.

*Æole, namque tibi divum pater atque hominum rex
 Et mulcere dedit mentes et tollere vento.*

IMITATION.

O! Æolus, to thee, the Sire supreme
 Of gods and men, the mighty pow'r bequeath'd
 To rouse or to assuage the *human mind*.

STERN monarch of the winds, admit my pray'r!
 Awhile thy fury check, thy storms confine!
 No trivial blast impels the passive air,
 But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.

What bands of black ideas spread their wings!
The peaceful regions of content invade!
With deadly poison taint the crystal springs!
With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade!

I know their leader, SPLEEN; and dread the fway
Of rigid EURUS, his detested fire;
Thro' one my blossoms and my fruits decay;
Thro' one my pleasures and my hopes expire.

Like some pale stripling, when his icy way
Relenting yields beneath the noontide beam,
I stand aghast; and chill'd with fear survey
How far I've tempted life's deceitful stream!

Where by remorse impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
Shall wretched fancy a retreat explore?
She flies the sad presage of coming years,
And forr'wing dwells on pleasures now no more!

Again with patrons, and with friends she roves ;

But friends and patrons never to return !

She sees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,

But sees them, weeping o'er LUCINDA'S urn.

She visits, Isis ! thy forsaken stream,

Oh ill forsaken for Bæotian air !

She deems no flood reflects so bright a beam,

No reed so verdant, and no flow'rs so fair.

She deems beneath thy sacred shades were peace,

Thy bays might ev'n the civil storm repel ;

Reviews thy social bliss, thy learned ease,

And with no cheerful accent cries, farewell !

Farewel, with whom to these retreats I stray'd !

By youthful sports, by youthful toils ally'd !

Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade,

And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow ;
Sees ev'ry muse a partial ear incline ;
Binds with luxuriant bays his favor'd brow,
Nor yields the refuse of his wreath to mine:

She bids the flatt'ring mirror, form'd to please,
Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair ;
Bids my fond verse the love-sick parley cease ;
Accuse my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale,
Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove !
Alas ! there echo will repeat the tale——
Where shall I find the silent scenes I love ?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone ;
Forbid to please, yet fated to admire ;
Away, my friends ! my sorrows are my own !
Why should I breathe around my sick desire ?

Bear me, ye winds, indulgent to my pains,

Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell !

There let me fondly eye the rude remains,

And from the mould'ring refuse, build my cell !

Genius of ROME ! thy prostrate pomp display !

Trace ev'ry dismal proof of fortune's pow'r ;

Let me the wreck of theatres survey,

Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tow'r.

Or where some duct, by rolling seasons worn,

Convey'd pure streams to ROME's imperial wall,

Near the wide breach in silence let me mourn ;

Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of CARTHAGE ! paint thy ruin'd pride ;

Tow'rs, arches, fanes in wild confusion strewn ;

Let banish'd * MARIUS, low'ring by thy side,

Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

F 2

* *Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthagenensium toleravit,*

Ah no! thou monarch of the storms! forbear;
 My trembling nerves abhor thy rude controul;
 And scarce a pleasing twilight sooths my care,
 Ere one vast death-like darkness shocks my soul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial base
 Is built frail fear, or hope's deceitful pile;
 My pains are fled—my joy resumes its place,
 Shou'd the sky brighten, or MELISSA smile.

*cum Marius inspiciens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, alter alteri
 possent esse solatio.*

LIV.

EXPLANATION.

Marius endured a life of poverty, under shelter of the Carthaginian ruins; and while he contemplated Carthage, and Carthage beheld him, they might be said mutually to resemble and account for each other.

ELEGY XVIII.

HE REPEATS THE SONG OF COLLIN, A DISCERNING
SHEPHERD; LAMENTING THE STATE OF
THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTORY.

*Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
Quo minus est illis curæ mortalis egestas,
Avertes : victumque feres.*

VIRGIL.

IMITATION.

Thou therefore, in proportion to their lack
Of human aid, with all thy care defend
From frozen seasons and inclement blasts,
And give them timely food.

NEAR AVON's bank, on ARDEN's flow'ry plain,
A *tuneful shepherd charm'd the list'ning wave;
And sunny COTSOLO' fondly lov'd the strain;
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!
Oh lost OPHELIA! smoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his music with my flames agree!
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee.

* MR. SOMERVILLE.

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake,
I strew my cowslips, and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for OPHELIA's sake.

Shiv'ring beneath a leafless thorn he lay,
When death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing tongue;
The more I found his fault'ring notes decay,
The more prophetic truth sublim'd the song.

"Adieu, my flocks, he said! my wonted care,
By sunny mountain, or by verdant shore!
May some more happy hand your fold prepare,
And may you need your COLLIN's crook no more.

And you, ye shepherds! lead my gentle sheep;
To breezy hills, or leafy shelters lead;
But if the sky with show'rs incessant weep,
Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.

Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath,
Long loit'ring there your fleecy tribes extend—
But what avail the maxims I bequeath?
The fruitless gift of an officious friend!

Ah! what avails the tim'rous lambs to guard,
Tho' nightly cares, with daily labours, join?
If foreign sloth obtain the rich reward,
If GALLIA's craft the pond'rous fleece purloin!

Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,
I met the terrors of an early grave?
For this, I led them from the pointed thorn?
For this, I bath'd 'em in the lucid wave?

Ah heedless ALBION! too benignly prone
Thy blood to lavish, and thy wealth resign!
Shall ev'ry other virtue grace thy throne,
But quick-ey'd prudence never yet be thine?

From the fair natives of this peerless hill
Thou gav'st the sheep that browse Iberian plains:
Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,
Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they stray;
Far from their dams, their native guardians, far!
Where the soft shepherd, all the livelong day,
Chants his proud mistress to his hoarse guittar.

But ALBION's youth her native fleece despise;
Unmov'd they hear the pining shepherd's moan;
In silky folds each nervous limb disguise,
Allur'd by ev'ry treasure, but their own.

Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky steep,
Anxious, to see the wintry tempest drive;
Preserve, said I, preserve your fleece, my sheep!
Ere long will PHILLIS, will my love arrive.

Ere long she came! ah! woe is me, she came! O
 Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:
 For gifts like these they give their spotless fame,
 Resign their bloom, their innocence resign.

Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
 Give the rich growth of British hills to fame?
 And let her charms, and her example, own
 That virtue's dress, and beauty's are the same?

Will no fam'd chief support this gen'rous maid?
 Once more the patriot's arduous path resume?
 And, comely from his native plains array'd,
 Speak future glory to the British loom?

What pow'r unseen my ravish'd fancy fires?
 I pierce the dreary shade of future days;
 Sure 'tis the genius of the land inspires,
 To breathe my latest breath in *** praise.

O might my breath for *** praise suffice,
 How gently shou'd my dying limbs repose!
 O might his future glory blefs mine eyes,
 My ravish'd eyes! how calmly would they close!

*** was born to spread the gen'ral joy;
 By virtue rapt, by party uncontroul'd,
 BRITONS for BRITAIN shall the crook employ;
 BRITONS for BRITAIN's glory shear the fold."

ELEGY XIX.

WRITTEN IN SPRING, 1743.

AGAIN the lab'ring herd inverts the soil;
 Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave;
 Another spring renews the soldier's toil,
 And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
The sordid ALPHEUS hurry'd thro' my groves;
Yet stop'd to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
He blam'd the graces of my fav'rite bow'r;
My breast, unfully'd by the lust of gold;
My time unlavish'd in pursuit of pow'r.

Yes, ALPHEUS! fly the purer paths of fate;
Abjure these scenes from venal passions free;
Know, in this grove, I vow'd perpetual hate,
War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
I drest an altar to THALIA's name:
Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flow'rs,
Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

DAMON, she cry'd, if pleas'd with honest praise,
 Thou court success by virtue or by song,
 Fly the false dictates of the venal race;
 Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray;
 Swerve not thy foot with fortune's vot'ries more;
 Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless day—
 The winning phantom urg'd me, and I swore.

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd,
 "Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial pow'rs!
 Aid me to quell the sordid breast," I said;
 And * threw my jav'lin tow'rd's their hostile tow'rs.

Think not regretful I survey the deed;
 Or added years no more the zeal allow;
 Still, still observant to the grove I speed,
 The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.

* The Roman ceremony in declaring war.

Sworn from his cradle ROME's relentless foe,
Such gen'rous hate the * Punic champion bore;
Thy lake, O THRASIMENE! beheld it glow,
And CANNE's walls, and TREBIA's crimson shore.

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;
Fair shine his arms in history enroll'd;
Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
His nobler hate of avarice and gold,—

Now Punic pride its final eve survey'd;
Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire;
Patient the victors' lurid frown obey'd,
And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.

But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,
Their gold in pyramidal plenty pil'd,
He saw th' unutterable grief prevail;
He saw their tears, and, in his fury, smil'd.

* HANNIBAL.

Think not, he cry'd, ye view the smiles of ease,
Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain;
I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace,
Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain!

But were it cordial, this detested smile,
Seems it less timely than the grief ye show?
O sons of CARTHAGE! grant me to revile
The fordid source of your indecent woe!

Why weep ye now! ye saw with tearless eye
When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave;
Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh,
When TYRE's imperial state commenc'd a slave?

'Tis past—O CARTHAGE! vanquish'd! honor'd shade!
Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore;
Had freedom shar'd the vow to fortune paid,
She ne'er, like fortune, had forfok thy shore."

He ceas'd—abash'd the conscious audience hear;
Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold;
Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear,
And falling moistens their abandon'd gold.*

ELEGY XX.

HE COMPARES HIS HUMBLE FORTUNE WITH THE
DISTRESS OF OTHERS; AND HIS SUBJECTION
TO DELIA, WITH THE MISERABLE SER-
VITUDE OF AN AFRICAN SLAVE.

WHY droops this heart with fancy'd woes forlorn?
Why sinks my soul beneath each wint'ry sky?
What penfive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
What myriads, wish to be as blest as I!

What tho' my roofs devoid of pomp arise,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way?
Nor costly art my flow'ry dales disguise,
Where only simple friendship deigns to stray?

* By the terms forced upon the CARTHAGINIANS by SCIPIO, they were to deliver up all the elephants, and to pay near two millions sterling.

See the wild sons of LAPLAND's chill domain,
That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!

Slave tho' I be, to DELIA's eyes a slave,
My DELIA's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,
The pang she causes, 'tis ev'n bliss to bear.

See the poor native quit the Lybian shores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant smile his dying peace restores,
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship heals his wound.

Let vacant bards display their boasted woes,
Shall I the mockery of grief display?
No, let the muse his piercing pangs disclose,
Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away!

On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,
Ere the shrill boatwain gave the hated sign ;
He dropt a tear unseen into the flood ;
He stole one secret moment to repine.

Yet the muse listen'd to the plaints he made ;
Such moving plaints as nature could inspire ;
To me the muse his tender plea convey'd,
But smooth'd and suited to the sounding lyre.

“ Why am I ravish'd from my native strand ?
What savage race protects this impious gain ?
Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,
And more than sea-born monsters plough the main ?

Here the dire locusts horrid swarms prevail ;
Here the blue asps with livid poison swell ;
Here the dry dipsa writhes his sinuous mail ;
Can we not here, secure from envy, dwell ?

When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chase,

When the stern panther fought his midnight prey,

What fate reserv'd me for this * christian race?

O race more polish'd, more severe than they!

Ye prouling wolves, pursue my latest cries!

Thou hungry tyger, leave thy reeking den!

Ye sandy wastes, in rapid eddies rise!

O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!

Yet in their face superior beauty glows;

Are smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?

Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,

And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue!

Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,

Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair;

But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with crimes,

Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?

* Spoke by a savage.

No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
And feign these distant regions to repay.

For them our tusked elephant expires ;
For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold ;
Where rove the brutal nations' wild desires ?—
Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold !

Yet shores there are, blest shores for us remain,
And favor'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd,
Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound.

There the stern tyrant that embitters life
Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand ;
There shall we view the billows' raging strife,
Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

ELEGY XXI.

TAKING A VIEW OF THE COUNTRY FROM HIS RETIREMENT, HE IS LED TO MEDITATE ON THE CHARACTER OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF A RUMOURED TAX
UPON LUXURY, 1746.

THUS DAMON fung—What tho' unknown to praise,
Umbrageous coverts hide my muse and me ;
Or 'mid the rural shepherds, flow my days,
Amid the rural shepherds, I am free.

To view sleek vassals crowd a stately hall,
Say, should I grow myself a solemn slave ?
To find thy tints, O TITIAN ! grace my wall,
Forego the flow'ry fields my fortune gave ?

Lord of my time, my devious path I bend,
Thro' fringy woodland, or smooth-shaven lawn ;
Or penfile grove, or airy cliff ascend,
And hail the scene by nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to fate—tho' nor the racy vine,
Nor fatt'ning olive cloath the fields I rove,
Sequester'd shades, and gurgling founts are mine,
And ev'ry silvan grot the muses love.

Here if my vista point the mould'ring pile,
Where hood and cowl devotion's aspect wore,
I trace the tott'ring reliques with a smile,
To think the mental bondage is no more!

Pleas'd, if the glowing landscape wave with corn;
Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise;
Pleas'd if mine eye, o'er thousand vallies borne,
Discern the Cambrian hills support the skies.

And see PLINLIMMON! ev'n the youthful sight
Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with pain!
Such, CAER-CARADOC! thy stupendous height,
Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyless regions ! where, by science fir'd,
Some prying sage his lonely step may bend ;
There, by the love of novel plants inspir'd,
Invidious view the clamb'ring goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
The free-born BRITON left his greenest mead ;
Receding sullen from his mightier foe,
For here he saw fair liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
Above or Persian luxe, or Attic art,
The rude majestic monument arose.

Progressive ages carol'd forth his fame ;
Sires, to his praise, attun'd their children's tongue ;
The hoary Druid fed the gen'rous flame,
While, in such strains, the rev'rend wizard sung:

“ Go forth, my sons !—for what is vital breath,
Your gods expell’d, your liberty resign’d ?
Go forth, my sons !—for what is instant death
To souls secure perennial joys to find ?

For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant’s wound ;
Where patriots, blest with boundless freedom, reign,
With mistletoe’s mysterious garlands crown’d.

Such are the names that grace your mystic songs ;
Your solemn woods resound their martial fire ;
To you, my sons, the ritual meed belongs,
If in the cause you vanquish, or expire.

Hark ! from the sacred oak that crowns the groves,
What awful voice my raptur’d bosom warms ;
This is the favor’d moment heav’n approves,
Sound the shrill trump ; this instant, sound to arms.”

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance, or decorate the shield;
Ev'n the fair virgin stain'd her native grace,
To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now, for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,
For some false FLORIMEL's impure disguise,
The lifted youth, nor war's loud signal know,
Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize:

Then if soft concord lull'd their fears to sleep,
Inert and silent slept the manly car;
But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful steep,
If freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the sleek courtier, indolent and vain,
Thron'd in the splendid carriage glides supine;
To taint his virtue with a foreign strain,
Or at a fav'rite's board, his faith resign.

Leave then, O luxury! this happy foil!

Chase her, BRITANNIA, to some hostile shore!

Or * fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,

And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

ELEGY XXII.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR — WHEN THE RIGHTS OF
SEPULTURE WERE SO FREQUENTLY VIOLATED.

SAY, gentle Sleep, that lov'st the gloom of night,

Parent of dreams! thou great magician, say,

Whence my late vision thus endures the light;

Thus haunts my fancy thro' the glare of day:

The silent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies,

And anxious care resign'd my limbs to rest;

A sudden lustre struck my wond'ring eyes,

And SILVIA stood before my couch confest.

* Alludes to a tax upon Luxury, then in debate.

Ah ! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
That led the dance beneath the festive shade !
But she that, in the morning of her day,
Intomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast ;
No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame ;
No more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpass ;
Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd her living face ;
Nor such her voice as charm'd the list'ning crowd ;
Nor such her dress as heighten'd ev'ry grace ;
Alas ! all vanish'd from the mournful shroud !

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same ;
That dear distinction ev'ry doubt remov'd ;
Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

DA MON, she said, mine hour allotted flies;

Oh do not waste it with a fruitless tear!

Tho' griev'd to see thy SYLVIA's pale disguise,

Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

So may thy muse with virtuous fame be blest!

So be thy love with mutual love repaid!

So may thy bones in sacred silence rest,

Fast by the reliques of some happier maid!

Thou know'st, how ling'ring on a distant shore

Disease invidious nipt my flow'ry prime;

And oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore,

To think I ne'er must view my native clime!

No friend was near to raise my drooping head!

No dear companion wept to see me die;

Lodge me within my native soil, I said;

There my fond parents' honor'd reliques lie.

Tho' now debarr'd of each domestic tear,
Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow ;
There many a friend shall grace my woeful bier,
And many a sigh shall rise, and tear shall flow.

I spoke, nor fate forbore his trembling spoil ;
Some venal mourner lent his careless aid ;
And soon they bore me to my native soil,
Where my fond parents' dear remains were laid.

'Twas then the youths from ev'ry plain and grove,
Adorn'd with mournful verse thy SILVIA's bier ;
'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

But why, alas ! the tender scene display !
Cou'd DAMON's foot the pious path decline ?
Ah no ! 'Twas DAMON first attun'd his lay,
And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.

Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave ;
My placid ghost no longer wept its doom ;
When savage robbers every sanction brave,
And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb !

Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,
Lose the cheap portion of my native sands ?
Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands ?

Say, wou'd thy breast no death-like torture feel,
To see my limbs the felon's gripe obey ?
To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel ?
To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey ?

If PÆAN's sons these horrid rites require,
If health's fair science be by these refin'd,
Let guilty convicts, for their use, expire ;
And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

Yet hard it seems, when guilt's last fine is paid,
To see the victim's corse deny'd repose!
Now, more severe! the poor offenceless maid
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

Where is the faith of ancient pagans fled?
Where the fond care the wand'ring manes claim?
Nature, instinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
And sacred be their ashes, and their fame!

Arise, dear youth! ev'n now the danger calls;
Ev'n now the villain snuffs his wonted prey;
See! see! I lead thee to yon' sacred walls—
Oh! fly to chase these human wolves away."

ELEGY XXIII.

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY HIS SITUATION.

BORN near the scene for * KENELM's fate renown'd,
I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,
And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound
The savage force of empire, and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon' various wild,
Where spreading oaks embow'r a gothic fane ;
KENDRIDA's arts a brother's youth beguil'd ;
There nature urg'd her tend'rest pleas in vain.

* KENELM in the Saxon heptarchy was heir to the kingdom of MERCIA ; but being very young at his father's death, was, by the artifices of his sister and her lover, deprived of his crown and life together. The body was found in a piece of ground near the top of Clent Hill, exactly facing Mr. SHENSTONE's house : near which place a church was afterwards erected to his memory, still used for divine worship, and called St. KENELM's. See PLOT's History of Staffordshire.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
Th' ambitious maid cou'd every care employ;
Then with assiduous fondness cropt the flow'rs,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy!

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown;
Love fires her breast; the sultry passions rise;
A favor'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,
And views her KENELM with a rival's eyes.

How kind were fortune, ah! how just were fate,
Wou'd fate or fortune MERCIA's heir remove!
How sweet to revel on the couch of state!
To crown at once her lover and her love!

See, garnish'd for the chase, the fraudulent maid
To these lone hills direct his devious way;
The youth, all prone, the sister guide obey'd,
Ill-fated youth! himself the destin'd prey.

But now, nor shaggy hill, nor pathless plain,
 Forms the lone refuge of the sylvan game;
 Since LYTTLETON has crown'd the sweet domain
 With softer pleasures, and with fairer fame.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong steed,
 Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire;
 And where hoarse scream'd the strepent horn, succeed
 The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See THOMSON, loit'ring near some limpid well,
 For BRITAIN's friend the verdant wreath prepare!
 Or, studious of revolving seasons, tell,
 How peerless LUCIA made all seasons fair!

See * * * * * from civic garlands fly,
 And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein!
 Or from yon' summit, with a guardian's eye,
 Observe how freedom's hand attires the plain!

Here POPE!—ah never must that tow'ring mind
To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return!
What art, what friendships! oh! what fame resign'd!
—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,
And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold?
Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,
And think fair freedom well exchange'd for gold?

Thro' these soft shades delighted let me stray,
While o'er my head forgotten suns descend!
Thro' these dear valleys bend my casual way,
'Till setting life a total shade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate:
Or shrink to find, how much ambition dares,
To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state!

Canst thou, O sun ! that spotless throne disclose,
Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain ?
Where, shew me where, the lineal sceptre glows,
Pure, as the simple crook that rules the plain ?

Tremendous pomp ! where hate, distrust, and fear,
In kindred bosoms solve the social tie ;
There not the parent's smile is half sincere ;
Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly flame,
No face is brighten'd, and no bosoms beat ;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one sordid aim,
And ev'n the beardless lip essays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murd'rous round ;
The glance, that more than rural blame instils ;
Whispers, that ting'd with friendship doubly wound,
Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

There anger whets, but love can ne'er engage ;

Caressing brothers part but to revile ;

There all men smile, and prudence warns the wife

To dread the fatal stroke of all that smile.

There all are rivals ! sister, son, and fire,

With horrid purpose hug destructive arms ;

There soft-ey'd maids in murd'rous plots conspire,

And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms.

Let servile minds one endless watch endure ;

Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard resign ;

But lay me, fate ! on flow'ry banks, secure,

Tho' my whole soul be, like my limbs, supine.

Yes, may my tongue disdain a vassal's care ;

My lyre resound no prostituted lays ;

More warm to merit, more elate to wear

The cap of freedom, than the crown of bays.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,

I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow ;

Cheer'd by the verdure of my spiral wood,

I scorn the quarry, where no shrub can grow.

No midnight pangs the shepherd's peace pursue ;

His tongue, his hand, attempts no secret wound ;

He sings his DELIA, and if she be true,

His love at once, and his ambition's crown'd.

ELEGY XXIV.

HE TAKES OCCASION FROM THE FATE OF ELEANOR
OF BRETAGNE *, TO SUGGEST THE IMPERFECT
PLEASURES OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

WHEN beauty mourns, by fate's injurious doom,
Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye ;
When nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
Hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh.

Fair ELEONORA ! wou'd no gallant mind
The cause of love, the cause of justice own ?
Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd
To see them sparkle from their native throne ?

* ELEANOR of BRETAGNE, the lawful heiress of the English crown, upon the death of ARTHUR, in the reign of king JOHN. She was esteemed the beauty of her time ; was imprisoned forty years (till the time of her death) in Bristol castle.

Or had fair freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
Well might such brows the regal gem resign ;
Thy radiant mien might scorn the guilt of arms,
Yet ALBION'S awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of BRITONS ! in one sullen tow'r
She wet with royal tears her daily cell ;
She found keen anguish ev'ry rose devour ;
They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they fell.

Thro' one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw ;
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This, age might bear ; then fated fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what splendor can supply ;
Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
Restrain its list'ning ear, its curious eye.

Believe me **** the pretence is vain !

 This boasted calm that smoothes our early days ;
For never yet could youthful mind restrain
 Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

Ev'n me, by shady oak or limpid spring,

 Ev'n me, the polish'd scenes of life allure ;
Some genius whispers " Life is on the wing,
 And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

What tho' thy riper mind admire no more—

 The shining cincture, and the broider'd fold
Can pierce like lightning thro' the figur'd ore,
 And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold.

Furs, ermins, rods may well attract thy scorn ;

 The futile presents of capricious pow'r !
But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
 And who but envies then the social hour ?

Can virtue, careless of her pupil's méed,
 Forget how *** sustains the shepherd's cause?
 Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
 Nor join the sounding pæan of applause?

For public haunts, impell'd by BRITAIN'S weal,
 See GRENVILLE quit the muse's fav'rite ease;
 And shall not swains admire his noble zeal?
 Admiring praise, admiring strive to please?

Life, says the sage, affords no bliss sincere;
 And courts, and cells in vain our hopes renew:
 But ah! where GRENVILLE charms the list'ning ear,
 'Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.

The groves may smile; the rivers gently glide;
 Soft thro' the vale resound the lonesome lay;
 Ev'n thickets yield delight, if taste preside,
 But can they please, when LYTTLETON'S away?

Pure as the swain's the breast of *** glows,
Ah! were the shepherd's phrase, like his, refin'd!
But, how improv'd the generous dictate flows
Thro' the clear medium of a polish'd mind!

Happy the youths who warm with BRITAIN'S love,
Her inmost wish in *** periods hear!
Happy that in the radiant circle move,
Attendant orbs, where LONSDALE gilds the sphere!

While rural faith, and ev'ry polish'd art,
Each friendly charm, in *** conspire,
From public scenes all pensive must you part;
All joyless to the greenest fields retire!

Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or stream,
Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun;
Go dare the light, enjoy its cheerful beam,
And hail the bright procession of the sun.

Then cover'd by thy ripen'd shades, resume
The silent walk ; no more by passion tost :
Then seek thy rustic haunts ; the dreary gloom,
Where ev'ry art that colours life, is lost."——

In vain ! the list'ning muse attends in vain !
Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait—
—Yet will I grieve, and sadden all my strain,
When injur'd beauty mourns the muse's fate.

ELEGY XXV.

TO DELIA, WITH SOME FLOWERS; COMPLAINING
HOW MUCH HIS BENEVOLENCE SUFFERS ON
ACCOUNT OF HIS HUMBLE FORTUNE.

W HATE'ER could sculpture's curious art employ,
Whate'er the lavish hand of wealth can show'r,
These would I give—and every gift enjoy,
That pleas'd my fair—but fate denies my pow'r.

Blest were my lot, to feed the social fires !
To learn the latent wishes of a friend !
To give the boon his native taste admires,
And, for my transport, on his smile depend !

Blest too is he, whose ev'ning ramble strays
Where droop the sons of indigence and care !
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at small expence, their fondest pray'r !

And oh the joy ! to shun the conscious light,
To spare the modest blush ; to give unseen !
Like show'rs that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But happiest they, who drooping realms relieve !
Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear !
For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost worth from its oppressive shade;
To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine;
To hear it grateful own the gen'rous aid;
This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliss; nor I refuse
To range where daisies open, rivers roll;
While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
And sooth the fond impatience of my soul.

Awhile I'll weave the roofs of jasmin bow'rs,
And urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year;
Awhile I'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs,
Then, unlamented, press an early bier!

Of those lov'd flowers the lifeless corse may share,
Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow;
The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair,
As when their master smil'd to see them grow.

The sequent morn shall wake the fylvan quire ;
The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon ;
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire ;
O ! let not gentle DELIA smile so soon !

While the rude hearse conveys me flow away,
And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay ;
And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.—

O DELIA ! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
I bless the silent path the fates decree ;
Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days
To raze the moments crown'd with bliss, and thee.

ELEGY XXVI.

DESCRIBING THE SORROW OF AN INGENUOUS
MIND, ON THE MELANCHOLY EVENT OF A
LICENTIOUS AMOUR.

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his downcast
eye?

That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine;
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?

Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Blest in thy song, and blest in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair!

DAMON, said he, thy partial praise restrain!

Not DAMON's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious blifs admir'd;
In fortune's train the syren flatt'ry smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chase, till JESSY was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
Expencc, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,

I cloath'd each feature with affected scorn;

I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,

And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,

Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;

I bade my words the wonted softness wear,

And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my DAMON, dare I paint the rest?

Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?

Affur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,

Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;

Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;

When scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,

Low at my feet desponding JESSY lay.

"HENRY, she said, by thy dear form subdu'd,
See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,

Where bloom the jasmims that could once allure ;

Hope not to find delight in us, they say,

For we are spotless, Jessy ! we are pure.

Ye flow'rs ! that well reproach a nymph so frail,

Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare ?

The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale

Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young ;

And all my fame's abhor'd contagion flee ;

Trembles each lip, and falters ev'ry tongue,

That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye ;

I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu ;

To die I languish, but I dread to die,

Lest my sad fate shou'd nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth ; the pains of want remove,
And let me silent seek some friendly shore ;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend ; I ask no dearer name ;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair :
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread ;
Nor hurl thy JESSY to the vulgar crew ;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed !
Not such the precept from his lips I drew !

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair ;
And pity welcome to my native foil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race ;
Nor cou'd these hands a niggard boon assign ;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend ;
I saw her breast with ev'ry passion heave ;
I left her—torn from ev'ry earthly friend ;
Oh ! my hard bosom, which cou'd bear to leave !

Brief let me be ; the fatal storm arose ;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain ;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close ;
My JESSY—floats upon the wat'ry plain !

And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay ;
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear ;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From JESSY floating on her wat'ry bier !

And we shall write for the future for mine
(I wish the child to be in a full school)
Nor could there have been a better day than this
The book was I hope of great use

OPY A

1811

O HEALING and merciful

How dost thou bless my country now

When I had hope to see thy power

And bless thy name

ODES.

Since thou, O Lord, art down

It is not white, but of green

With laughing voices, and the power

I give for thee alone

Age not to be thy days

Thou yet might'st all the beauty put

Thou yet might'st raise the longed for

Why spend in vain thy power

ODES

ODE I.

TO HEALTH. 1730.

O HEALTH, capricious maid!
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bow'r,
Where I had hope to share thy pow'r,
And bless thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'vails not whether muse or grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place;
I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay;
Thou yet might'st act the friendly part;
Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'st the city-air ;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,
O false ! O partial fair !

I plunge into the wave ;
And tho' with purest hands I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boasted name, and titles fair,
Why scornst thy foot to rove ?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim ;
Enabling him, with idle noise,
To drown the muse's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu!
 Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
 Mine eye o'er hills and vallies roams,
 And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
 Yet 'midst his unremitting snows,
 The poor LAPONIAN's bosom glows,
 And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
 When tho' I scorn'd thy guardian care,
 Nor made a vow, nor said a pray'r,
 I did not rue the crime.

Who then more blest than I?
 When the glad school-boy's task was done,
 And forth, with jocund-sprite, I run
 To freedom, and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What since have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could sink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er my stars include;
What other breasts convert to pain,
My tow'ring mind should soon disdain,
Should scorn—Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell,
And blest with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleas'd my soul should dwell!

Temperance should guard the doors ;
 From room to room should memory stray,
 And, ranging all in neat array,
 Enjoy her pleasing stores—

There let them rest unknown,
 The types of many a pleasing scene ;
 But to preserve them bright or clean,
 Is thine, fair queen ! alone.

ODE II.

WRITTEN 1739.

Urit spes animi credula mutui.

HOR.

IMITATION.

Fond hope of a reciprocal desire
Inflames the breast.

T WAS not by beauty's aid alone,
That love usurp'd his airy throne,
His boasted pow'r display'd :
'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
Which beauty first convey'd.

In CLARA's eyes, the lightnings view ;
Her lips with all the rose's hue
Have all its sweets combin'd ;
Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
'Till lips at once, and eyes conspire
To prove the charmer kind——

Tho' wit might gild the tempting snare,
 With softest accent, sweetest air,
 By envy's self admir'd ;
 If LESBIA's wit betray'd her scorn,
 In vain might every grace adorn
 What every muse inspir'd.

Thus airy STREPHON tun'd his lyre—
 He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
 Which love-sick swains endure :
 Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart ;
 Since frowns could never wound his heart,
 And smiles—must ever cure.

But ah ! how false these maxims prove,
 How frail security from love,
 Experience hourly shows !
 Love can imagin'd smiles supply,
 On every charming lip and eye
 Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the fair-one's eyes ;
In vain the sage explores the skies,
To learn from stars his fate :
'Till led by fancy wide astray,
He finds no planet mark his way ;
Convinc'd and wise—too late.

As partial to their words we prove ;
Then boldly join the lists of love,
With towering hopes supply'd :
So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
Mistook their deity's designs ;
Then took the field—and dy'd.

ODE III.

TO MEMORY. 1748.

O MEMORY! celestial maid!

Who glean'ft the flow'rets cropt by time;

And, fuffering not a leaf to fade,

Preserv'ft the bloffoms of our prime;

Bring, bring thofe moments to my mind

When life was new, and LESBIA kind.

And bring that garland to my fight,

With which my favor'd crook ſhe bound;

And bring that wreath of roſes bright,

Which then my feſtive temples crown'd.

And to my raptur'd ear convey

The gentle things ſhe deign'd to ſay.

And sketch with care the muse's bow'r,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r
That shines on CHERWELL's verdant side;
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
When polish'd LYCON join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite——

But sure, to sooth our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams:
Or by thy softening pencil shewn,
Assume they beauties not their own?

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,

When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,

I breath'd in verse one cordial vow:
That nothing should my soul inspire,
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,

On thee the drooping muse attends;

As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,

On thy expressive pow'r depends;

Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,

To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away

Which at ambition's shrine I made;

Nor ever let thy skill display

Those anxious moments, ill repaid:

Oh! from my breast that season raise,

And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,

And bring the hobby I bestrode;

When pleas'd, in many a sportive ring,

Around the room I jovial rode:

Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,

And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive lay,
 Why did not these enjoyments last;
 How sweetly wasted I the day,
 While innocence allow'd to waste?
 Ambition's toils alike are vain,
 But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

ODE IV.

WRITTEN AFTER SICKNESS. 1749.

——— *Melius, cum venerit ipsa, canemus.*

IMITATION.

His wish'd-for presence will improve the song.

Too long a stranger to repose,
 At length from pain's abhorred couch I rose,
 And wander'd forth alone;
 To court once more the balmy breeze,
 And catch the verdure of the trees,
 Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with pansies gay

I hail'd once more the cheerful day,

The sun's forgotten beams :

O sun ! how pleasing were thy rays,

Reflected from the polish'd face

Of yon refulgent streams !

Rais'd by the scene my feeble tongue

Essay'd again the sweets of song :

And thus in feeble strains and flow

The loitering numbers'gan to flow.

" Come, gentle air ! my languid limbs restore,

And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore :

For sure I heard the tender sighs,

I seem'd to join the plaintive cries

Of hapless youths, who thro' the myrtle grove

Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love :

To that unjoyous clime,
 Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies;
 Debar'd the lustre of their DELIA'S eyes;
 And banish'd in their prime.
 Come, gentle air! and, while the thickets bloom,
 Convey the jasmin's breath divine,
 Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
 Nor spare the sweet-leaft eglantine.
 And may'st thou shun the rugged storm
 'Till health her wonted charms explain,
 With rural pleasure in her train,
 To greet me in her fairest form.
 While from this lofty mount I view
 The sons of earth, the vulgar crew,
 Anxious for futile gains, beneath me stray,
 And seek with erring step contentment's obvious way.
 Come, gentle air! and thou celestial muse,
 Thy genial flame infuse;

Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,

And gild retirement's gloomy shade;

Enough to rear such rustic lays

As foes may flight, but partial friends will praise."

The gentle air allow'd my claim;

And more to cheer my drooping frame,

She mix'd the balm of opening flowers;

Such as the bee, with chymic powers,

From HYBLA's fragrant hills inhales,

Or scents SABEA's blooming vales.

But ah! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,

By prescripts more refin'd,

Neglect their votary's anxious moan:

Oh, how should they relieve?—the muses all were flown.

By flow'ry plain, or woodland shades,

I fondly sought the charming maids;

By woodland shades, or flow'ry plain,

I sought them, faithless maids! in vain!

When lo! in happier hour,
 I leave behind my native mead,
 To range where zeal and friendship lead,
 To visit L's honor'd bower,
 Ah foolish man! to seek the tuneful maids
 On other plains, or near less verdant shades!

Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favor'd ground,
 When sounds ethereal strike my ear;
 At once celestial forms appear;
 My fugitives are found!
 The muses here attune their lyres,
 Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
 Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
 The sportive graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
 Too well at one survey I trace,
 How every muse and every grace,
 Had long employ'd their care.

Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,

Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store;

Falls not a plume on INDIA's distant plain,

Glow's not a shell on ADRIA's rocky shore,

But torn methought from native lands or seas,

From their arrangement, gain fresh pow'r to please.

And some had bent the wildering maze,

Bedeckt with every shrub that blows;

And some entwin'd the willing sprays,

To shield th' illustrious dame's repose;

Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,

And taught the portrait where to glow;

Others arrang'd the curious tome;

Or 'mid the decorated space,

Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place,

And given to learning all the pomp of show.

And now from every task withdrawn,

They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

And while she marks the sage command

Ah! woe is me, said I,
 And ***'s hilly circuit heard my cry;
 Have I for this, with labour strove,
 And lavish'd all my little store
 To fence for you my shady grove,
 And scollop every winding shore;
 And fringe with every purple rose
 The sapphire stream that down my valley flows?

 Ah! lovely treacherous maids!
 To quit unseen my votive shades,
 When pale disease and torturing pain
 Had torn me from the breezy plain,
 And to a restless couch confin'd,
 Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd.
 She needs not your officious aid
 To swell the song, or plan the shade;
 By genuine fancy fir'd,
 Her native genius guides her hand,
 And while she marks the sage command,

More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
 Her lyre resound with nobler lays
 Than ever you inspir'd.
 Thus I my rage and grief display;
 But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
 Nor will a grace or muse return
 'Till LUXBOROUGH lead the way.

ODE V.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

WRITTEN 1750.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
 And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
 Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
 Will aught the muse inspire!
 Oh! peace to yonder clam'rous horn
 That drowns the sacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes that o'er the mossy down
Some panting, timorous hare pursue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply,
And urg'd by rude constraint resound the jovial cry?
See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched swain your sport survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He sees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.
Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
That nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown:

Yours be the produce of the soil:
 O may it still reward your toil!
 Nor ever the defenceless train
 Of clinging infants, ask support in vain!
 But tho' the various harvest gild your plains,
 Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
 Or the warm hope of distant gains
 Far other cause of glee supply?
 Is not the red-streak's future juice
 The source of your delight profound,
 Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
 Purpling a whole horizon round?
 Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
 But tho', the pebbled shores among,
 It mimic no unpleasing song,
 The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.
 Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
 Unpleas'd the spring her flowery robe resume;

Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
 The dappled mead without a smile.
 O let a rural conscious muse,
 For well she knows, your froward sense accuse :
 Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
 And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
 If haply from your haunts ye stray
 To waste with us a summer's day,
 Exclude the taste of every swain,
 Nor our untutor'd sense disdain :
 'Tis nature only gives exclusive right
 To relish her supreme delight ;
 She, where she pleases kind or coy,
 Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
 By her auspicious aid refin'd ;

Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wandering light,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

With what suspicious fearful care
The sordid wretch secures his claim,
If haply some luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
What scruples lest some future birth
Should litigate a span of earth!
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for prose,
The towering muse endures not to disclose;
Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehensive and more free,
Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
 And be the solemn day enroll'd,
 When to confirm his lofty plea,
 In nuptial fort, with bridal gold,
 The grave Venetian weds the sea :
 Each laughing muse derides the vow ;
 Ev'n ADRIA scorns the mock embrace,
 To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
 Allotted, from his natal hour,
 With all her myrtle shores in dow'r.
 His breast to admiration prone
 Enjoys the smile upon her face,
 Enjoys triumphant every grace,
 And finds her more his own :
 Fatigu'd with form's oppressive laws,
 When SOMERSET avoids the great ;
 When cloy'd with merited applause,
 She seeks the rural calm retreat ;

3

Does she not praise each mossy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell ?
When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could she not more delighted hear
Yon throftle chaunt the rifing year ?
Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primrose of the plains ?
Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
Lost to the fons of pow'r, unknown to half mankind ?

Ah can she covet there to fee
The fplendid flaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That flight her merit, but adore her place ?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded fpires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philofophic ftep retires :

While studious of the moral theme,
She, to some smooth sequester'd stream
Likens the swain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flowery margin to survey,
How cool, serene, and clear the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who slight the sweetly-pensive mind!
On whose fair birth the graces mild,
And every muse prophetic smil'd,
Not that the poet's boasted fire
Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell;
Or, on the music of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove
All nature's charms immense, and heaven's unbounded
love.

And oh! the transport, most ally'd to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from nature's tongue,
And bid ARCADIA bloom around:
Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smooth below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or thro' meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careless groups of roses bloom;
Or let some shelter'd lake serene
Reflect flow'rs, woods and spires, and brighten all
the scene.
O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy!
While worth and genius haunt the favor'd bow'r,
And every gentle breast partakes the joy!

L. 2

While charity at eve surveys the swain,
Enabled by these toils to cheer
A train of helpless infants dear,
Speed whistling home across the plain;
See vagrant luxury, her hand-maid grown,
For half her graceless deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.
Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment or for food,
Not all for needful use alone;
There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the smell.
Why knows the nightingale to sing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?
For sustenance alone? For use?

For preservation? Every sphere
Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.
And sure there seem, of human kind,
Some born to shun the solemn strife;
Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To sooth the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
New founts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.
From plains and woodlands; from the view
Of rural nature's blooming face,
Smit with the glare of rank and place,
To courts the sons of fancy flew;
There long had art ordain'd a rival seat,
There had she lavish'd all her care
To form a scene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat
To share her proud controul;
Had given the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow;

And emulous of nature's pow'r,
 Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;
 Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
 Moulded each rustic limb anew,
 And warp'd the very soul.

Awhile her magic strikes the novel eye,
 Awhile the fairy forms delight;
 And now aloof we seem to fly
 On purple pinions thro' a purer sky,
 Where all is wonderous, all is bright:
 Now landed on some spangled shore
 Awhile each dazzled maniac roves
 By sapphire lakes, thro' em'rald groves.
 Paternal acres please no more;
 Adieu the simple, the sincere delight—
 Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,
 The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
 The fragrance of the bean's perfume,

Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away !

'Tis nature only bears perpetual sway.

We pierce the counterfeit delight,

Fatigued with splendor's irksome beams.

Fancy again demands the fight

Of native groves, and wonted streams,

Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
Where truth maintains her court, and banishes disguise.

Then hither oft ye senators retire,

With nature here high converse hold ;

For who like STAMFORD her delights admire,

Like STAMFORD shall with scorn behold

Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold ;

Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,

Shall see fair truth, immortal maid,

Friendship in artless guise array'd,

Honor, and moral beauty shine
With more attractive charms, with radiance more divine.

Yes, here alone did highest heav'n ordain

The lasting magazine of charms,

Whatever wins, whatever warms,

Whatever fancy seeks to share,

The great, the various, and the fair,

For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain——

Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,

'Midst all the city's artful trim,

To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs,

Or shrubs fuliginously grim :

From rooms of filken foliage vain,

To trace the dun far distant grove,

Where smit with undissembled pain,

The wood-lark mourns her absent love,

Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and sooth some vapour'd fair?

But how must faithless art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,
To virtue, truth, or science dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!
Ah no, from these the public sphere requires
Example for its giddy bands;
From these impartial heav'n demands
To spread the flame itself inspires;
To sift opinion's mingled mass,
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the gay precincts of a throne,

With mild effective beams !
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By solemn grot, or shady spring,
To join their pleasing dreams !
Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy,
They only that deserve, enjoy.
What tho' nor fabled dryad haunt their grove,
Nor naiad near their fountains rove,
Yet all embody'd to the mental fight,
A train of smiling virtues bright
Shall there the wise retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's
brow.
And though by faithless friends alarm'd,
Art have with nature wag'd presumptuous war ;
By SEYMOUR'S winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united shine,
No longer shall their counsels jar.

'Tis hers to mediate the peace ;
 Near PERCY-lodge, with awe-struck mien,
 The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
 And havock and contention cease.
 I see the rival pow'rs combine,
 And aid each other's fair design ;
 Nature exalt the mound where art shall build ;
 Art shape the gay alcove, while nature paints the field.
 Begin, ye songsters of the grove !
 O warble forth your noblest lay ;
 Where SOMERSET vouchsafes to rove
 Ye leverets freely sport and play.
 —Peace to the strepent horn !
 Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,
 No sounds inelegant and rude
 Her sacred solitudes profane,
 Unless her candour not exclude
 The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
 Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
 Fearful, yet not averse, that SOMERSET should hear.

ODE VI.

TO INDOLENCE. 1750.

AH! why for ever on the wing

Perfists my weary'd soul to roam?

Why, ever cheated, strives to bring

Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name

From Paradise's honor'd groves,

Careless fatigues his little frame;

Nor finds the resting-place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed

My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;

Ah, gentle sloth! indulgent spread

The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should ling'ring thought invade,

Yet ev'ry worldly prospect cloy?

Lend me, soft sloth, thy friendly aid,

And give me peace, debar'd of joy.

Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,

That never ebbs, that never flows;

Protected by the circling wood

From each tempestuous wind that blows?

An altar on its bank shall rise,

Where oft thy votary shall be found;

What time pale autumn lulls the skies,

And sickening verdure fades around.

Ye busy race, ye factious train,

That haunt ambition's guilty shrine;

No more perplex the world in vain,

But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen ! be kind :
 If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r ;
 If e'er I sway'd my active mind,
 To weave for thee the rural bow'r ;

Diffolve in sleep each anxious care ;
 Each unavailing sigh remove ;
 And only let me wake to share
 The sweets of friendship and of love.

ODE VII.

TO A YOUNG LADY, SOMEWHAT TOO SOLICITOUS
 ABOUT HER MANNER OF EXPRESSION.

SURVEY, my fair ! that lucid stream
 Adown the smiling valley stray ;
 Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
 To regulate its winding way ?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair

In loose dishevel'd ringlets flow :

Not all thy art, not all thy care

Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,

With native plants enamel'd o'er ;

Say, can the painter's utmost skill

Instruct one flow'r to please us more ?

As vain it were, with artful dye,

To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose ;

And oh may LAURA, ere she try,

With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat

Can every study'd grace excel ;

Let art constrain the rambling note,

And will she, LAURA, please so well ?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,
 By no pedantic law confin'd!
 For LAURA's voice is form'd to please,
 So LAURA's words be not unkind.

ODE VIII.

SO dear my LUCIO is to me,
 So well our minds and tempers blend;
 That seasons may for ever flee,
 And ne'er divide me from my friend;
 But let the favor'd boy forbear
 To tempt with love my only fair.

O LYCON, born when every muse,
 When every grace benignant smil'd,
 With all a parent's breast could chuse
 To bless her lov'd, her only child;
 'Tis thine, so richly grac'd, to prove
 More noble cares, than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flowery tracks of time,
Together mus'd in search of truth,
O'er learned sage, or bard sublime;
And well thy cultur'd breast I know,
What wonderous treasure it can show.

Come then, resume thy charming lyre,
And sing some patriot's worth sublime,
Whilst I in fields of soft desire
Consume my fair and fruitless prime;
Whose reed aspires but to display
The flame that burns me night and day.

O come! the dryads of the woods
Shall daily sooth thy studious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And fame sits listening for thy lays
To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
 To lure the sportsman from her nest,
 And flutt'ring on with anxious cries,
 Too plainly shews her tortur'd breast:
 O let him, conscious of her care,
 Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

ODE IX.

TO THE HONORABLE SIR RICHARD LYTTELTON.

THE morn dispens'd a dubious light,
 A fullen mist had stolen from sight
 Each pleasing vale and hill;
 When DAMON left his humble bowers
 To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,
 Or check his wandering rill.

Tho' school'd from fortune's paths to fly,
 The swain beneath each low'ring sky
 Would oft his fate bemoan;
 That he, in sylvan shades, forlorn
 Must waste his cheerless eve and morn,
 Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to fame's obstreperous noise,
 Yet to the whispers of her voice,
 Soft murmuring, not a foe:
 The pleasures he thro' choice declin'd,
 When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,
 It griev'd him to forego.

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beside,
 Where coots in rushy dingles hide,
 And moorcocks shun the day;
 While caitiff bitterns, undismay'd,
 Remark the swain's familiar shade,
 And scorn to quit their prey.

But see, the radiant sun once more
The brightening face of heaven restore,
And raise the doubtful dawn ;
And more to gild his rural sphere,
At once the brightest train appear,
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
To think * BRIDGEWATER'S honor'd name
Should grace his rustic cell ;
That she, on all whose motions wait
Distinctions, titles, rank and state,
Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,
By candour sway'd, by taste refin'd,
Will nought but vice disdain ;
Nor will the breast where fancy glows
Deem every flower a weed, that blows
Amid the desert plain.

* The Duchess of BRIDGEWATER, married to Sir RICHARD
LYTTETON.

Beseems it such, with honor crown'd,
 To deal its lucid beams around,
 Nor equal meed receive:
 At most such garlands from the field,
 As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
 And rural hands can weave.

Yet strive, ye shepherds, strive to find,
 And weave the fairest of the kind,
 The prime of all the spring;
 If haply thus yon lovely fair
 May round her temples deign to wear
 The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
 Where'er the conscious lake betray'd
 ATHENIA'S placid mien!
 How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
 Where PAPHIA'S charms requir'd the song,
 'Mid hazel copses green!

Lo, DARTMOUTH on those banks reclin'd,
 While busy fancy calls to mind
 The glories of his line!
 Methinks my cottage rears its head,
 The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
 As thro' enchantment, shine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
 Could ever nymph descend to stray
 From HAGLEY's fam'd retreat?
 Else by the blooming features fair,
 The faultless make, the matchless air,
 'Twere CYNTHIA's form complete.

So would some tuberoſe delight,
 That ſtruck the pilgrim's wondering fight
 'Mid lonely deſerts drear;
 All as at eve, the ſovereign flower
 Diſpenſes round its balmy power,
 And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah, now no more, the shepherd cry'd,
 Must I ambition's charms deride,
 Her subtle force disown;
 No more of fawns or fairies dream,
 While fancy, near each crystal stream,
 Shall paint these forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathless mead,
 I deem'd that splendor ne'er should lead
 My dazzled eyes astray;
 But who, alas! will dare contend,
 If beauty add, or merit blend
 Its more illustrious ray?

Nor is it long—O plaintive swain!
 Since GUERNSEY saw, without disdain,
 Where, hid in woodlands green,
 The * partner of his early days,
 And once the rival of his praise,
 Had stol'n thro' life unseen.

* They were school-fellows.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since STAMFORD left his honor'd bower
To smile familiar here:
O form'd by nature to disclose
How fair that courtesy which flows
From social warmth sincere!

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,
Since POLLIO fought this lonely shade,
Admir'd this rural maze:
The noblest breast that virtue fires,
The graces love, the muse inspires,
Might pant for POLLIO's praise.

Say THOMSON here was known to rest;
For him yon vernal seat I drest,
Ah, never to return!
In place of wit, and melting strains,
And social mirth, it now remains
To weep beside his urn.

Come then, my LELIUS, come once more,
And fringe the melancholy shore
With roses and with bays;
While I each wayward fate accuse,
That envy'd his impartial muse,
To sing your early praise.

While PHILO, to whose favor'd fight,
Antiquity, with full delight,
Her inmost wealth displays,
Beneath yon ruin's moulder'd wall
Shall muse, and with his friend recall
The pomp of ancient days.

Here too shall CONWAY's name appear,
He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,
That shone the reeds among;
Yet clearness could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From CONWAY's polish'd tongue.

Ev'n **PITT**, whose fervent periods roll
Resistless, thro' the kindling soul
Of senates, councils, kings!
Tho' form'd for courts, vouchsaf'd to rove
Inglorious, thro' the shepherd's grove,
And ope his bashful springs.

But what can courts discover more,
Than these rude haunts have seen before,
Each fount and shady tree?
Have not these trees and fountains seen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerless **AYLESBURY**?

And **GRENVILLE**, she whose radiant eyes
Have mark'd by slow gradation rise
The princely piles of **STOW**;
Yet prais'd these unembellish'd woods,
And smil'd to see the babbling floods
Thro' self-worn mazes flow.

Say DARTMOUTH, who your banks admir'd,
Again beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the pensive shade;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the sprightliness of youth,
By cool reflection sway'd?

Brave, yet humane, shall SMITH appear;
Ye sailors, tho' his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone;
Grant him in other spheres to charm;
The shepherds' breasts tho' mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O LYTTELTON! my honor'd guest,
Could I describe thy generous breast,
Thy firm, yet polish'd mind;
How public love adorns thy name,
How fortune too conspires with fame;
The song should please mankind.

And now, my dear friend,
I have a great deal to say to you
and I shall give you some things
which I think will be of use to you
and all the friends of your country
by cool reflection.

But, you must not think I am
writing to you in a serious
manner, for I am writing to you
in a friendly manner.
I am writing to you in a friendly
manner, and I am writing to you
in a friendly manner.

O that I could see you
and tell you all that I have
to say to you. I am writing to you
in a friendly manner, and I am
writing to you in a friendly manner.
I am writing to you in a friendly
manner, and I am writing to you
in a friendly manner.

